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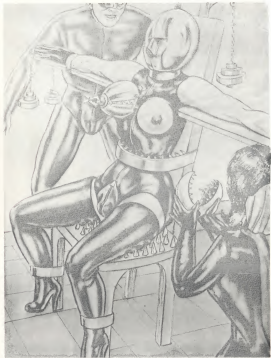
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ENSLAVED MARES !

Chapter One

Disappearance in New York alone number some hundreds a day. A person disappears, perhaps it is notified to the police by some relative or friend. A brief description of the missing person is taken down and circulated with hundreds of others to all depots of the New York police, and that, to all practical purposes, is the end of the matter.

Where do all these people go? There are the obvious cases of individuals deciding to disappear either to avoid arrest or to get away from a wife or family; there are the many suicides; and the not inconsiderable people murdered or who meet a violent end in one way or another.

And then the obvious cases of young women kidnapped and then sent abroad in the international white slave traffic, or even kept in places in New York from which they will never come out alive.

But there are the more unusual instances of disappearance, these ranging from captures by spy rings to the kidnapping of girls and young women for unusual and special purposes. Angela Mays, a young English girl who was spending a year in New York in an exchange arrangement between two branches of her company, was a victim of kidnapping for "special purposes".

The organization responsible, known in the underworld as Nameless Inc., will, for adequate payment, undertake to provide young women for any purpose whatsoever: prostitution in Buenos Aires, harems in the Middle East, ritual killing in the jungles of Central Africa, medical experimentation, and so on.

But the organization would long ago have been penetrated and broken up if its members did not take every possible care to appear respectable and cover up all traces of their illegal activities. It is not possible even now to discover the full ramifications of Nameless Inc. even though, in recent months, certain activities of some of its influential members have come to light and one or two of them identified. But evidence is hard to come by and even now no charges have been preferred against the members concerned.

But from the careful researches that have been made by the present writer it is possible to give at least an idea of how the organization goes about its nefarious work.

Let us take the case of Angela Mays for example as we are interested in her for her own sake, quite apart from the light her disappearance and subsequent fate throws on Nameless Inc. .

One of Nameless' s agents examines the lists of all incoming long-stay visitors to New York and a selection is made of those who are likely to be of interest to the organization. Careful inquiries are started as to their age, qualifications, address, place of work, habits, physical measurements and so on, and these are supplied through various channels to the secret head office of the organization where they are card-indexed and then fed into a computer.

Little did Angela Mays realize that within a week of her taking up residence in East 12th Street the full details of her case had been stored in the vast computer at the headquarters of Nameless Inc. , and still less did she know that a few weeks later the computer came up with her name when a card listing a number of required qualities and qualifications was fed into it.

First of all, what were the particular characteristics and physical and other qualifications that had been requested? And how had the person requiring such qualities got into contact with such an exclusive and secretive body as Nameless Inc.

The card for Angela Mays showed that she was twenty-one, of aristocratic English background, that she was rather easy-going and of fairly happy temperament, that she was strongly built for a young woman of her age, that she worked in a publishing office in New York and that she was to be in that city for one year. It also showed that she had measurements of 38-26-38, that she was normally heterosexual and that she started to visit a club called the Anglion almost as soon as she settled into her job, and that she already had a boyfriend called Thomas Miller of Canadian origin, who began to visit her at her apartment within ten days of her arrival in America.

It was short odds on her being picked by the computer when a request came for a well-built English girl of good background and appearance , twenty or twenty-one years of age, fairly mall-

eable and preferably blonde, and with few active contacts in the States.

The request had come from an American millionaire who had not so much approached Nameless Inc. as been approached by the organization. For just as Nameless made careful scrutiny of social and other lists, of incoming visitors and so on, equally it took trouble to find out about likely clients. It did not take Nameless Inc. long to discover that Hiram Abernathy was up to some rather unusual activities in the large villa he built miles from the nearest railroad or highway in the heart of Indiana.

And it was not difficult for Nameless's agents to meet him socially on the relatively few occasions he visited New York and to drop, at the right moment, a hint that there was an organization that could provide him with "victims" - at a price.

Hiram had retired at the early age of forty and had taken the remote villa in order to pursue his particular interests undisturbed. What Nameless agents did not know was that Hiram Abernathy was acting more on his wife Barbara's behalf than his own. True, he liked to engage in perverted activities with young girls but they were by no means as perverted as those his wife practised.

It was she that demanded from her husband a girl with the appearance, physique and qualifications that happened to fit Angela Mays.

When Hiram Abernathy handed 100,000 dollars in unserialized notes to Nameless's agent, who happened to be a man well-known in New York society, Angela's fate was sealed.

From the moment her name had been selected by the computer after Barbara Abernathy's request had been fed into it, she was a marked woman, followed day and night as plans were made to prepare her disappearance.

She was rather impressed when a rather wealthy young man of social standing asked her to his country home for the week-end, and she quite saw his point when he dropped the hint that perhaps it would be inadvisable to tell her boy-friend in case he got the wrong idea.

A careful check was made on her boy-friend to ensure that he had no knowledge of Angela's impending visit to the home of John Earl Rider.

She left her apartment and was picked up by John Earl Rider himself ten street away and driven out to the country house, sixty miles from New York.

Careful but indirect cross-questioning by John confirmed that she had not mentioned to anyone her plan to spend the week-end at his home, and once that was settled beyond a reasonable doubt his attitude to her began to change. He seemed to treat her with indifference, so much so that on the second morning of her stay she felt so much in the way that she went for a walk in the large grounds of his home, deciding that she would, after lunch return to New York.

She had been walking about twenty minutes when a car drew up and the driver said he was one of John Earl Rider's friends. Would she like to take a drive in the mountains?

She remembered seeing the man at dinner the previous evening and she gladly jumped in beside him as she was feeling rather sorry for herself. Ten minutes later she was lying in the back of the automobile, doped and covered with a rug.

The automobile, now being driven by one of John Earl Rider Rider's chauffeur's was on its way to Indiana.

When Angela woke up she was in a white-walled room that looked more like an outhouse or stable than anything else she could think of. She was lying on a low bed and the only other item of furniture in the room were a table and chair, a small

cabinet, and a plain Nabajox rug. Well but sparsely furnished with a plain board floor. There appeared to be a door opening onto a yard while there was another door on the inner wall, which presumably, led to the rest of the building of which her room was a part.

She had not been long awake when the inner wall door opened and a heavily built woman entered. She was dressed in riding kit and carried a short riding crop in her right hand. In her left hand she appeared to have some sort of item of clothing and what appeared to be a horse's bit.

"Good morning," said the woman who had just entered.

"Good-morning, but where am I? Are you Mrs. Earl Rider?" Angela was quite calm and had easily persuaded herself that for some reason she had been moved to this room while she was sleeping.

The visitor laughed. "No, bless my soul," she said, "I certainly am not Mrs Earl Rider - whoever she may be. No, my name is Mrs Abernethy and I am your new host."

But I am at the Rider's house. How can you be my host? What has happened to Mr. Rider?"

"No, my dear," said the woman with a strange gleam in her eyes as she looked closely at the girl lying on the bed dressed only in a nightdress, "you are a long, long way from New York. You are in Indiana...."

"Indiana! That's impossible." Angela began to feel her heart beat faster and she found it difficult to speak, her mouth having gone dry with something close to fear.

"No, my dear, it is not impossible. You were sent here by some friends of mine and I must tell you now that you will be staying here perhaps a very long time." The woman lifted the girl from the bed and placed her in front of her. "Now I want you to undress," she said a note of harshness in her voice.

"Undress". What do you mean? I am wearing only my nightdress. Please stop this silly game, Mrs. . . . did you say Abernethy?"

"Silly game, my dear Angela. I think you'll see it rather differently later. Now hurry I want you naked!"

More out of pity than anything else Angela took off her nightdress, and stood looking critically at the woman who said she was her host.

"Mm, yes. I approve of your figure. I think my friends made a wisw choice. Now I think you had better understand that you are entering a form of slavery here, Angela. I shall be training you into slavery, and it will be a particular kind of slavery. You will have work to do for which, as you will see, you will have to wear the right attire or should I say harness."

"I think you said your name was Abernethy. Well, Mrs. Abernethy I am beginning to find your game rather boring. Now come on I want my clothes and to get in touch with Mr. Rider."

"And I, on my part, want you to come to your senses and first of all I want you to put this on your head. ? As she spoke she held out to Angela a kind of rubber helmet, some thing like a bathing cap. "Put it on, my dear, or I shall have to force you."

Angela began to wonder whether she was dreaming but more to amuse the woman who was obviously slightly mad she put on the black rubber helmet. It left very little of her hair showing, except at the back, and it hid her ears and part of her cheeks.

Then Mrs. Abernethy went over to the girl and firmly gripping her by one arm she drew her close and in a matter of seconds she had placed a kind of leather bit in her mouth, fixing it to the sides of the helmet. As the girl attempted to remove it as soon as the woman lit go of her, Mrs. Abernethy said: "Don't do that for if you do I shall have your arms chained permanently. I need not tell you that horses wear metal bits and it may be that I shall have you teeth drawn later so that you can be fitted with a proper metal bit. But for the moment we shall leave things as

they are. Now put this belt round you."

She handed the girl a wide leather belt fitted with rings at intervals. She stood over the girl menacingly as she waited for her to put the belt round her waist. When Angela finished fastening it she then handed her a pair of calf-length leather boots and told her to put them on.

Angela beginning to have serious apprehensions stood looking strangely at the woman, while the latter surveyed her and obviously liked what she saw.

"Yes, you'll do," she said as she looked at the lovely English girl with her large breasts, narrow waist, now fitted with the ring belt, and her splendid and powerful thighs tapering to slender but quite shapely legs covered from the calves down by the laced leather boots.

"Now," said Mrs. Abernethy in a voice that betrayed a new edge to it as well as a kind of lustful hoarseness, "now I want you to walk round the room lifting your knees high as you do so. I want a kind of stepping movement." And then, to Angela's horror, she picked up the riding crop and cracked it in the air.

Chapter Two

Barbara Abernethy, wearing her riding outfit and jodhpurs, cracked the whip again as Angela slowly began to walking high-steppingly around the small chamber.

"That's the way," she said. "Soon I shall put reins on you and then you can pull a gig but you will obviously have to have some training. You've got a lovely physique but you're not as fit as you should be. Now, let me see you move quicker, almost as if you were in a canter."

Angela walked with the high steps and quickened her pace, but she was doing it mechanically, the words of Mrs. Abernethy's commands seeming to come from afar - as if she were in a dream.

It was not, she tried to assure herself possible that she was really in a kind of uniform or harness and that a large breasted woman of about forty was cracking a whip so that she would "canter" round the room.

But try as she would she could not bring the dream to an end and it gradually began to seem that it was actually true that she was in Indiana, that Mrs. Abernethy did exist, that she was cantering round a room to the tune of a whip!

As if from far away she heard the woman say: "Well, you've made a fair start and I think I'll let my husband examine you now." The woman, still seeming to speak from afar, said, "He'll be here in a few minutes. Now don't attempt to remove any of your harness will you?" And with that she disappeared as if into a mist.

Things came into focus and Angela now began to see that she really was in a room she had never know before.



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Slowly, as she sat on her low bed, wearing a helmet and bit, a belt and calf-length boots - slowly it dawned in upon her that it was all true. And with the terrible realization she began to panic and a moment or two later she broke down, crying like a child.

She was still sobbing bitterly when Hiram Abernethy entered the room and came over to her.

"Now, child," he said, "I want to give you a medical examination. Come on, there's no point in crying."

She sat up and wiped some of the tears away from her face and saw the huge man that was Hiram K. Abernethy, multi-millionaire. He was enormous, dark and swarthy, and fascinatingly ugly. His face was close to hers and his hands now strayed down her shoulders till he was fingering her breasts.

She moved away and pushed out her hands to stop him. He grabbed her, pushed her onto the bed and began to rub his loathsome hands over her breasts as she began to struggle.

"I shouldn't if I were you," he said. "I can't stand for that kind of nonsense. If you go on behaving badly I shall give you a sedative that will put you out for hours." His eyes glimmered at her and then, a sickly smile on his face, he added: "In that case I could do what I wanted with you couldn't I?"

His fingers dug deep into her breasts as if he was investigating the size or composition of her large mounds. Deep into her mammary glands he pushed his fingers and after a while he withdrew them pronouncing himself pleased with them.

"Stand up!" he ordered her. When she stood on the floor again he looked at her mons veneris and then bent forward to stroke the bush of fair hair. "It ought to be removed," he said sadly, "but we might make an exception for one. My wife doesn't mind fair pubic hair so much as dark. That she

hates the sight of."

He fingered it for a while and then told her to lie on the bed, face upwards. He slapped her buttocks when she hesitated and as soon as she lay down he parted her thighs and then began to finger her genitals.

"Nice flesh outer lips," he said, "might well take rings." And parting the girl's cunt lips he looked at the shall of her sex. "Ah, what a pretty little vulva you've got," he commented, "useful nymphae - they could be sewn up - and quite a clitoris. I might have to remove that. Yes, I've often wanted to do a pharaonic circumcision." Then he forced his two fingers into her vagina, feeling every part of it and gripping the cervix in his first and second fingers. "I shall put a Gradenburg in there so that there's no risk of you getting pregnant."

The words frightened her and she repeated the after him. "Getting pregnant?"

Well, of course, you'll find yourself being fucked quite a lot here and we don't want babies - at least not at present, though you may have to spend the later part of your life at stud. We'll see. I think you'd be quite a nice and successful brood mare."

Was the man mad? The words went round in her head and she shivered as she realized that he was fingering the most precious part of her body - this madman had her in his power and could do what he liked with her!

He seemed to be moving his fingers more rapidly up and down her cunt now and she lay back gradually feeling a certain sense of relaxation, despite the strange situation she found herself in. And after a few minutes she felt a tingling excitement run through her body as the man continued to finger-fuck her.

He stopped suddenly and said that he had passed her as medically fit. He would be seeing her again, her later. With that he left her.

About half an hour later a young man dressed as a groom entered her room from the inside door.

"Ah, what a lovely filly!" he exclaimed as he entered. "And a nice filly to put one's prick into, I think." He walked over to Angela and he at once told her to get to her feet.

She was worried and apprehensive and got to her feet full of fears for her future. The man began to run his hands over her, fingering every part of her body. He seemed pleased with the result of his fingerings and grunted his satisfaction as he came to her slender ankles which he felt through the boots.

"Yes, you want fucking all right," he said. "Get onto all fours."

"No, I certainly won't," she retorted.

"Oh, you won't, won't you, well we'll see about that." He took a riding crop and hit her across her left breast.

She cried out in pain and at once bent over, putting her hands on the floor in front of her, her buttocks in the air.

The man muttered his satisfaction and began to finger her arse, while with his other hand he unbuttoned his trousers and pulled out an erect penis.

Then he stood behind the girl and moving closer he placed the knob of his erect prick between her bottom cheeks, feel- for her orifice.

"Nice vagina you've got," he laughed as he found it and slowly slid into it, placing his hands on her back. Now I want you to try to think of yourself as a mare, do you understand?"

Angela protested, crying out, "you can't do that to me, please leave me alone." Shocked at the thought a man could just come into the room she was staying in and have sexual intercourse with her as if she were an animal, she now began

to put up serious resistance. As his prick entered the crevice of her bottom and slid lower towards her vulva, she moved forward and stood up and then turned to face the man.

"You're not doing that to me, whatever you think!" she shouted at him, and stood firmly on her two feet, facing him, gasping for breath, her face now flushed with indignation.

"O, that's what you think, Miss. Well, we shall see." He took the riding crop and hit her across the shoulders. As she turned to put her hand on the stinging cut of the whip he found her back facing him and he at once brought the crop down on her buttocks. She fell forward on the bed and now he hit her fiercely in a quick succession of strokes that gave her no time to recover her balance or put up resistance.

She was being whipped like a horse, the cutting whip burning and searing her skin and flesh till she lay almost unconscious across the bed at the mercy of the groom.

The door opened unexpectedly and Mrs. Abernethy came in. "Eh, what the hell are you doing, Juan?" she demanded.

He turned towards her, crop in hand, his face now flushed with lust and fury. "Giving her a whipping. She disobeyed me."

"You are in charge of the girl but you have not had my permission to treat her in this way, do you understand? Training is one thing, permission to use her sexually is one thing; but thrashings of this kind are quite another. Do you understand?" She had raised her voice and the Spanish-American trembled in front of her. But he continued to argue with her.

"But she refused me sexually. That's why I was forced to thrash her." He looked sulkily at Barbara Abernethy.

"I am not concerned about her refusal to allow sexual intercourse. That is your affair, but you are not to use that sort of violence to get your way. You are here to persuade and train not to abuse violently unless certain circumstances

merit it. In such cases I shall take action myself." She looked at the man standing there with his prick jutting from his trousers, and then taking a look at the girl who had not sat up on the bed, she said? "But as I see you need to relieve yourself I shall ask her to bring you to a conclusion." She turned to Angela and told her: "You will take hold of his prick, my dear, and see that he has an orgasm!"

The rebellion in the girl died when she heard the words pronounced by the woman, and as the man moved to stand in front of where she was sitting, Angela reached out tremblingly and took hold of the shaft of the groom's prick.

"I shall leave you now, " said Barbara, "but I shall be back very shortly. I do not want you to take any liberties Juan."

Angela, alone with the man, wanted to stop her activities on his prick but hardly dared to do so. As he looked down at her with triumph in his eyes she moved the foreskin back and forth in a perfunctory manner.

Gradually roused to a fury of lust for the lovely English girl, the man now defied his mistress and suddenly pulled the girl to her feet and told her to get on all fours. She was fed up with the situation and tired of fighting the strange people she had met since she came to in the white room. Did it really matter, she asked herself whether he fucked her or not? It was just a humiliating to have to handle his prick.

She bent over and raised her buttocks to his gaze and a moment later he pushed between her defenceless thighs into her genitals, thrusting his prick into her quim and then vigorously shagging her.

As she bent over on all fours her humiliation was complete and tears soon dropped from her cheeks as the man, grabbing the rings on her belt, drove his erect prick into her soft warm body, deciding that he had not had anything as exciting for a long time

Now he reached round to the sides of her face and grabbed the rings attached to the bit and almost began to ride her

defeated body. Yet her physique was such that despite her misery she was able to stand up to his rough treatment just as if she were indeed some sort of beast of burden.

He breathed harshly and rapidly as he drove his prick in and out of her, his legs on either side of hers, his body-weight resting on her buttocks and back as he continued to pull on the bit to hold her effectively in the position he wanted her in.

She heard him begin to grunt, animal-like grunts, and then quickening his pace he thrust into her five or six times until, with a cry of excitement as he reached his peak, he shot his spunk into her, slumping forward on her as he did so, still grunting and crying his pleasure.

*

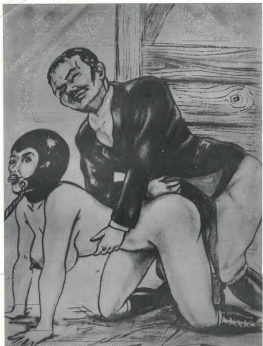
When he left her she attempted to wipe away as much of his spunk as she could. She remembered what the elder man had said about becoming pregnant and she almost wished she urged him to do some thing to prevent it there and then.

She was still smarting under the terrible humiliation of the sexual act she had had to accept when Hiram Abernethy re-entered her room.

"My wife," he said "is not going to be free to see you after all, so I have decided to spend a little time with you - a kind of training and preparation session. But first we ought to do something about your breasts as it is much more convient to be able sometimes to fasten reins to them instead of - or in addition to - your bit. So I am going to fit a pair of rings through your nipples."

She looked at him with horror as he told her of his intentions. Speechless he led her from the room, through the outer door, across a yard into a separate outhouse which she saw at once was fitted with various gadgets and instruments and, in one corner, what looked like a modern version of a smithy.

He led her to the far corner and she felt the heat of the small modern furnace as they approached it. Hanging at either side were various kinds of irons and metal shapes which she guessed were used for such operations as she was about to undergo.



Chapter Three

It so happened the Hiram Abernethy was called away at that moment to receive a new acquisition, dark-haired girl called Victoria, whose parents were English but had been domiciled in the States for some years.

Barbara and her husband had come to an agreement after Angel's arrival that new acquisitions should be his to do as he liked with for a few days before the were handed to handed to her for training. Victoria was the first girl to be handed to him immediately on arrival and when he saw her he felt the new arrangement ominently satisfactory.

Though he got his satisfaction from reducing a girl to the slave status he was not himself primarily interested in seeing them trained as ponies, though he was quite prepared to assist in their early initiation by teachin them to obey his word instantly, even to "break them in".

But he had his own peculiar interest in young girls. He liked to see the effect on them of asking the to undress, their fear and horror as he fondled them while pretending to give them a medical examination and, above all, their humiliation and terror as he involved them in his preverted pursuits, , all of which ultimately culminated in the sexual act with them in one form or another.

He had the assurance of Nameless Inc. that Victoria Ruskin had been picked up in the streets of Washington without and suspicion falling on her captors and that now there would be absolutely no trace of her.

He would not have taken the risks he did with his acquisition unless he could be certain of this assurance.

Angela was a lovely girl but Victoria made a much stronger appeal to Hiram, and when she was led into his presence, still wearing the elegant suit she had travelled in, under the influence of sedatives, she made a profound impression on him.

She wore her hair with deep fringe giving a broadening effect to her face and somehow pin-pointing her candid, imaginative and intriguing eyes, as well as high-lighting her voluptuous mouth. But he scarcely had time to look elsewhere before she began to expostulate with him, demanding to know where she was and why she had been brought there.

He was mad and invented the craziest explanations for his victims, actually believing that they would believe what he said.

His story, in the case of Victoria, was that she had been selected to be the beauty queen of the world and that a special computer had selected her when the details of 20,000 women had been fed into it. "And it is here that you are to be prepared for your new role," he said, his face in deadly earnest.

"But this is ridiculous," said Victoria. "You cannot spirit me away like this. My parents will be wondering where I am. Come you must let me use the telephone."

"No, that is impossible. Anyway just now I have to conduct a medical examination on you. I want you to take off all your clothes so that I can examine you carefully."

She flatly refused and Hiram had to use one of his own inventions, a small gun that fired a small quantity of a narcotic gas and had the effect of making her sleepy in a matter of seconds. Unable to put up any resistance under its influence she allowed herself to be led to a couch where he at once began to undress her.

She was fully aware of what was going on and her face

revealed the various emotions and reactions in her mind to what he was doing to her.

She looked apprehensive when he began to undo the buttons of her jacket, horrified when he removed it and her blouse and brassiere, indignant and angry when he began to finger her nipples, sitting at her side and caressing them hungrily.

He spent some time on them, eventually taking a nipple into his mouth and sucking it ferociously until he almost drew blood from her. He enjoyed the pain and alarm on her face as he looked up from the teat and smiled into her eyes before taking a syringe and pushing the hypodermic needle into her breasts. "You'll like this much better than being in harness," he assured her as the pain of the injection brought new horror to her face. When he withdrew the needle, having pumped a considerable amount of substitute milk fluid into her mammary glands, he bent over her and sucked greedily at the teat.

At the time he had drained the breast dry the effect of the narcotic was wearing off and she began to struggle with him. "Now," he warned her, "I can give you another drug if you wish: one that would take all your will-power away for ever but I don't want to resort to that. So I want you promise that you will do as I tell you and not object whatever I do to you. Have I got it."

She nodded because she saw that he was mad and that she would have to play for time. What was this about harness? That really frightened her.

She lay prone on the couch as he now took off the remainder of her clothes and as, a few minutes later he sat at her side looking hungrily at her lovely body, especially at her prominent mound and the delta of her dark-haired sex.

He caressed her body for a while before turning to her thighs and pushing them apart so that he had full access to her genitals as a whole. He allowed his right index finger to stroke

the thick, flesh cunt lips for a while before parting them, using the fingers of his other hand. Then he looked down gleatingly at the uncovered vulva as the girl squirmed slightly to his touch.

She was feeling disgusted enough to break her word but she was too frightened to protest for she was petrified in the face of his threat to take away her will-power. She looked at him and lay still as he put the tip of his finger on her clitoris, scrutinized it closely and then stroked her nymphae. His fingers now moved over the pelvic bone and into her vagina. Soon he was pushing his fingers high up her cunt, having turned her onto her side and bending her body into the normal position used for gynecological examinations.

His fingers grasped her cervix and then probed against her womb before he withdrew them and then, to her utter surprise, forcing his erect prick inside her from behind.

The strange thing was that despite the madness of this man and the hatred she felt for him, she now began to respond to his driving-prick and within a few moments she begged to be able to lie on her back. He agreed at once and soon the American was eagerly fucking the willing young girl as she lay back, her thighs wide apart and her body eagerly receiving his thrusting prick.

When he flooded her with his spunk she felt a sudden pang of fear and she looked at him with a sense of shame. "I may get pregnant," she murmured.

"No, I'll see to that," he said and getting up from the couch he reached for another hypodermic and, asking her to lie on her side, he gave her an intravenous injection. "That will prevent pregnancy for about a year," he told her.

They were talking freely to each other now, the girl having decided that it might be her best course to co-operate to the

full with the man who she had learned was called Hiram.

She asked him about the harness he had mentioned.

He looked at her closely and then, after a glance in the direction of the door and the window, he said, in a whisper, "It's my wife. You are to be trained as a pony. That's why you've really been brought here."

"as a pony, but she must be mad!" She had almost said, "You must be mad," but managed to stop herself and change it to "she".

He said nothing but then a small glimmer of pity for her seemed to come into his features. "Well, she's not mad, but I sympathize with you not wishing to be a pony. I shall try to help you because I want you for myself; but I can't promise anything."

He took her to a cell-like room, white-washed and fitted with a minimum of simple furniture. A room, indeed, precisely the same as Angela's and only two doors away from it. "Now you'll have to wait here," he said. "I don't suppose my wife will come to see you for a day or two. Meanwhile I'll see what can be done. But a groom will come to see that you are fed and you may have to get into basic harness. If they insist it will be no use objecting." With that he left her.

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Mr. Abernethy, never able to settle to anything, had suddenly remembered that Angela was at the blacksmith's. He now wanted to get out of any further dealings with her in view of the special feelings he had developed for Victoria so summoning the groom, Juan, and the blacksmith, he ordered them to fit rings to Angela's teats. The two of them smiled at each other and rubbed their hands as they were told they had to see to a job unsupervised.

Half an hour later Angela heard the door of the smithy open where she had been left tied to a post by Mr. Abernethy and Juan and the blacksmith, a large swarthy man entered. They freed her from the chains and took her across to the far corner of the room where, first of all they tied her hands behind her back. They then fixed a chain from her wrists to a ring in the wall, leaving her just sufficient freedom to move a foot or two.

Meanwhile the blacksmith was preparing the narrowed rod of iron that he would push through her full erect nipple to burn a hole that would then take a ring.

Juan was feeling the right nipple, stimulating it to its full size, and generally fondling the girl despite her protests.

"You can object, Miss," said the Spanish-American, "but we take no notice. In a moment we are going to make a hole through each of your nipples so that we can fit rings in them. It won't be any good protesting or trying to evade our grip. If you do you will get badly burned."

Horrified at what he had told her, she looked across at the big man twisting the iron needle in the blazing furnace, and she shuddered with terror as she realized that what he had said was quite serious and that within a minute or two the huge man would be pushing the rod through the teat.

He withdrew it from the fire and a moment later he came over, grabbed her breast at the base to force the skin tight over her nipple and the top of her breast and then, warning her to keep still, he drove the hot needle through the teat. It was over in a flash but her screams rent the air and a smell of burning flesh filled their nostrils. Before she finished screaming the blacksmith had inserted the broken ring and turned it through twenty or thirty degrees to ensure that the hole was clear and of the right size.

Angela continued to cry with pain as the huge man returned to the furnace to re-heat the iron.

He left the iron in the furnace for a while and came over to her and handed a flask of white powder to Juan. "Dress the burn with this, make sure some of the powder goes right through the hole, will you."

Juan took the white powder and sprinkled some on the breast and test and then began to move the ring a little so that some of the powder was carried through the hole itself. I relieved some of the pain but Angela was still hardly able to put up with the excruciating shafts of pain that shot through her nipple and breast.

The time had come for the second nipple to be fitted and Juan stimulated it to its erectile state just before the blacksmith squeezed the breast in his huge left hand and then drove the red hot iron through the test.

Angela passed into unconsciousness and the next thing she knew was that she was lying in a pool of water on the stone floor, the two men standing over her.

"She's regaining consciousness," she heard the large swarthy man say. "That's better, she'll be all right in a minute and we can have some fun with her."

It was customary for blacksmith and groom to have sexual intercourse with anyone who had just been breast-ringed. It was one way of ensuring the work was carried out properly and the blacksmith always looked forward eagerly to such moments.

It annoyed Mrs. Abernethy to make the concession but it was one way of ensuring the loyalty of her staff.

Angela tried to pretend that she was still only half-conscious but when they began to pull at her rings she uttered short cries of pain and her eyes opened wide to reveal that she was now conscious again. The two men helped her to her feet, untied the tether as well as her wrists and then took her into some quarters at the rear of the forge.

"Let's toss for her, shall we?" said Juan. He threw a coin in the air and the other man shouted "heads" The coin came down heads and Angela knew that the blacksmith would be the first to have his way with her.

He lifted her onto a low bed and immediately placed himself between her legs, kneeling and looking with lust-filled eyes at her sex. He was excited to see the wisps of hair running right down both sides of her cunt lips and disappearing in her crotch. Then he leaned over, pulled the lips apart and looked at her yawning cunt. Almost at once the naked man's prick began to grow until within seconds it jutted menacingly from his hairy body, a huge, swollen, throbbing wedge of gristle, blue-veined along its length, with a tight-skinned, shiny bulbous knob. Angela looked with horror at the huge thing as he took it in his hand and then bent over to guide it into her defenceless flesh.

He made a grunting sound as he thrust the massive thing into her, letting his fat belly onto Angela's, most of his weight going with it. And then she felt the huge cleaving prick invade her, force its way up her vagina, separating the membranes of the passage and filling her until she felt her whole pelvis stretched taut.

He grinned into her face and tried to kiss her, but she swung her head to one side and he was content to bury his lips in her neck, slobbering over her as he began to fuck her.

The huge haunches rose and fell and his testicles could be seen hanging from behind, pendulously, and banging against her crotch as he jerked in and out of her girlish body.

Angela lay passive, almost indifferent to his advances, merely doing her best to relax so that the pain of his driving prick was less acute and intense. She managed, indeed, to think of her school days back in England and seemed almost unaware of the fact when a few minutes later the blacksmith, grunting and puffing from his exertions flooded her with his spunk.

It was Juan's turn and he wasted no time, the truth being that he liked to put his prick into a vagina containing the hot spunk of another man. It excited him almost more than anything else in the world and the feel of the blacksmith's seminal fluid, lubricating the walls of Angela's tight cunt, sent him into ecstasies of lustful pleasure in next to no time.



When it was all over, her spunk-inundated cunt dribbling, her thighs wet with the oozing fluid, Angela was taken back to her room, now wearing the two terrible rings in her treats.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Abernathy came into see the results of the Blacksmith's work and she seemed well satisfied by what she saw. "I think I shall take you outside this afternoon," she told Angela. "Your training will now begin in earnest and first of all I shall get you to differentiate between a trot and a canter, and then between a canter and a gallop. I shall put reins into your bit rings but I shall not ask you to pull anything just yet. We'll simply practise trot, canter and gallop without putting you into shafts."

What use was it arguing with her? Angela knew that it was hopeless to try to talk to the woman. Either she would have to refuse to obey, refuse to allow herself to become a slave in this strange, perverted way, or she would simply have to do everything she was told. There was absolutely no point in reasoning with the woman.

She began to cry softly to herself as she felt the rubber hood on her head, the bit in her mouth, the still burning palms in her breasts caused by the insertion of the rings, and remembered the tightfitting calf-length boots which she was having to wear.

What could she do? What course was open to her? Was there anyway in which she could communicate with the outside world? The appalling realization was borne in on her that she was a pony - Yes, a pony - and that would be her fate forever unless she could discover where she was and ways and means of escaping from the place.

Barbara had left her and the groom came in to feed her - yet another stage in her humiliation for this time he brought her food in a kind of trough from which she would have to eat directly as for the first time he did not bring her a knife and fork. As soon as he left she sat on her bed and then bent over her pillow and burst into tears.

She had been naked since she arrived, though luckily the climate of the place had been brought to was warm. She had worn a hood and bit, a belt and boots, and that day had had rings driven into her breasts. And now she was to eat out of a trough. And a few minutes before she had been told that in the afternoon she would have to learn to distinguish between a trot, a canter and a gallop!

What terrible sin had she committed to deserve such a fate? Who was this insane woman who talked of training her to be a pony? Why did the other people - the groom and the blacksmith - cooperate with her? And what had the man called Hiram to do with it all?

She wept bitterly and soon fell asleep, leaving her trough untouched, to be awoken violently by a sharp cut from a whip twenty minutes later.

"Come on," said Mrs. Abernathy, "We are going outside now.

Chapter 3

"Trot!" was the command given by Barbara Abernathy to her newly acquired pony girl.

Angela began a high-stepping trot as she turned round the short circle of grass at the end of reins fixed to her bit. In the center Mrs. Abernathy pulled and jerked the reins to give instructions which she had already explained to the girl.

"Into a canter:" she shouted. At once the wretched Angela started to run with a quacker, more rhythmic gait that bore some resemblance to a pony's canter, and when Barbara shouted "Gallop;" she at once broke into a fast run at the end of the turning rein and she ran round the circular area until when she was almost falling from breathlessness and exhaustion the woman shouted "Halt!"

"I am not satisfied with your performance, Angela," said Mrs. Abernathy, "so I am taking this long whip in my right hand and I shall run behind you, using it to correct your faults. The reins will dictate the way you turn of course. Now into a slow trot to begin with, Now!!"

Flicking the whip Mrs. Abernathy kept up with the girl, using the reins cleverly in one hand, while handling the whip with the other. To test the girl's reactions she suddenly flicked the whip in the air twice, a signal that meant advance to the next quicker pace, in this case from a slow trot to a normal trot, Angela was a step or two behind and immediately Mrs. Abernathy brought the whip cracking down fiercely across the girl's back. Then a short pull on the reins made her turn to the right, but it was rapidly followed by a left pull and then a crack of the whip which indicated a reduction to the lower pace in the series.

"You are varying your pace," shouted Mrs. Abernathy, bringing the whip down over the girl's shoulders so that the tip hit her right breast, cutting savagely into her soft flesh.

She drove her round the grass paddock a few times, using the whip when she detected a mistake on Angela's part, finally bringing her to a halt outside the door that took her back into her room.

" You did a little better, but you have a long way to go yet until you can adopt the complete pony life. Later today I shall take you out again and I shall let you pull me in one of my single-shafted carriages."

The wretched girl caught a glimpse of a face behind the three bars of a small window next to a door not far from her own, and for the first time she knew that there were other inmates of the wing in which she had been placed and, as far as she could see, it was a young girl also wearing a pony helmet.

As soon as she got back to her room she began to think of ways and means of contacting the girl for she felt that her best hope of escape was to have the full cooperation of another person. She could not imagine that anyone else in the same position as herself would not wish to get away.

Angela was thinking on these lines when the groom entered her room and said he had come to wash her down after her stint in the paddock.

He used a large sponge and carried a bucket of warm water. Though Angela liked the thought of getting clean after four days since she had a bath, she hated the thought of the man washing her. But soon she was being washed down, despite her protests, and the man did not miss a chance to humiliate her, washing between her legs and rubbing his fingers on her genitals as he did so.

She felt more and more despondent as the man went behind her and moved the sponge between her buttocks, concentrating his attention on her anus which he soaped before washing with the wet sponge.

And as he wiped her dry he pulled his prick from his trousers and, forcing her over the bed, quickly had his way with her, threatening to whip her if she started to protest. He rammed his thick prick in from behind perhaps forty or fifty times without pause and then, his breathing labored and hoarse, he shot his spunk into her, wiped her genitals over with the wet sponge and then left her.

The situation was becoming intolerable. Up in the morning for exercise and training, back in her room at lunch where she was fed from a trough and groomed by Juan who also took the opportunity to fuck her, and then back into the paddock in the afternoon. She could not stand much more of it, and she would have to do something about getting away from it.

The afternoon came soon enough and she was led into the paddock by the groom where Mrs. Abernathy was waiting for her.

On this occasion she wore of her usual riding habit but a rough tweed two-piece with a pair of riding boots.

"Harness the girl to one of the gigs will you?" she asked him, nodding in the direction of a small, single shafted gig, brightly painted in yellow and red. It was an unusual-looking vehicle, suitable for only one person, and entered from the rear from a single step. It had two wheels and the single shaft was about five feet long and had a ring attached to the end away from the body of the gig. The groom backed the girl towards the gig, treating her as if she were a pony, and when her belt was close to the ring of the shaft he fixed her to it by an S-shaped hook. He then fixed reins to her bit-rings.

"Yes, we'll leave the reins off the breast rings today, but as soon as I am satisfied she is capable of working properly then we shall use them." The reason was obvious to Angela: it would be much more painful to be pulled by reins attached to her breast rings and Mrs. Abernathy was obviously making a concession as she was just beginning her training.

Angela stood there, shy in her harness and nakedness, as Mrs. Abernathy stepped up into the gig. She felt the weight of the woman almost unbalance the gig but she managed in time to adopt a suitable leaning position that not only balanced the gig better but gave her a better position for pulling it.

"Now!" shouted Mrs. Abernathy, "Away!" She hit her across her back with the whip and Angela at once did her best to move the gig, but she started to go forward jerkily and clumsily and a moment later as she hit her over her back Barbara called "Halt!"

The groom was standing by looking sardonically at the scene and knowing that Mrs. Abernathy was going to give him a chance to humiliate the girl, from which she herself would also get a great deal of pleasure.

"There's something wrong with her, it seems," she said to the groom, "please see if she is lame or something."

The groom stepped up to Angela and ran his hands down her naked thighs and legs, lifting each leg from the ground in turn, and pretending to check her lameness.

"No, I don't think she's gone lame," he said.

"Then run your hands over her to see if you can discover anything wrong, will you."

The man now put his hands between her legs and in front of Mrs. Abernathy and her husband, who had just issued forth with the girl Angela had seen at the window, he began to finger her genitals as if he were looking for something. Her face flushed with embarrassment she had to stand there in her harness while she examined as if by a veterinary surgeon.

"No, you can't find anything. Then it must just be indolence. Let's try again!" She cracked the riding crop down on the girl's bent back and shouted "Go on, at a trot!" and immediately Angela moved forward doing her best to start the high-stepping action that had been described as a "trot" and to pull the gig at the same time.

She managed to pull the gig forward but had not much sense of where she was going, being too immersed in her efforts to pull Mrs. Abernathy's quite considerable weight. Without realizing it she had moved in a half circle that had brought her close to Mr. Abernathy who was leading a young dark girl, harnessed as Angela was, into the paddock. Angela felt a sudden tug on the reins and she had to make a sharp right turn to avoid walking into the man and the girl.

No sooner had she started off in the right direction than the whip cracked twice which signified the next speedier form of action in the series, that is, a canter. At once Angela did her best and soon managed to canter round the paddock, getting her direction correct this time. When she reached Mr. Abernathy the second time she was ordered to halt by Mrs. Abernathy.

"So this is the new pony, is it?" she asked her husband. "Are you handing her over today?"

"Yes, provided I can have use of her sometimes," he said.

"I see no objection, but if you wish to take this one for an hour you are welcome. I should like to start on the new one without delay as I want them to work together as soon as possible."

The groom untied Angela and she was led away, the reins still attached by Mr. Abernathy who took her down the long side of the building and in through a door which more like the main entrance. He then led her into a well-furnished room in the contemporary style with a large Swedish bed at one end.

"I want you to sit there for a moment," he said, indicating the bed. "You know I enjoy very much the opportunity my wife gives me to spend some time with her ponies." He went to the far end of the room and it appeared that he was undressing and Angela could see him standing there naked a few minutes later.

He then reached up to a high shelf and she saw with astonishment that he was lifting down a model horse's head which he proceeded to fit over his own.

He then seemed to be fitting some sort of rubber thing to his genitals, the fitting taking quite a few minutes. When he seem satisfied he walked over towards her and Angela could see that over his worn penis he had fixed a large imitation of a stallion's penis with a pair of massive balls below.

"Now you see," he said from behind the horse's head. "I am a stallion and I am going to fuck you my lovely filly. My own penis is enclosed in a special rubber material that contracts and expands and it is specially moistened so you need not imagine that I shall get no pleasure from fucking you. I should explain that the sight of you in your harness excites me and that excitement is intensified when I see my horse's prick enter you."

The black penis was horrifyingly large and it was clear that it must be fitted with some form of internal stimulation or his penis would never fill it out at all. But that was the man man's problem. What horrified the girl was what it would do to her when he pushed it into her. Half moving back she began to protest and said she could not possibly take the stallion's penis inside her.

"Oh, yes, you will, my dear," he said, "and when you get it in you you may even enjoy it. I think you'll like my stallion fuck, just wait and see!"

It was obvious that the man was mad and Angela would have to submit to him.

He put her over one end of the bed and holding the reins he slowly advanced on her. She felt the huge head press against her shoulder and then the first touch of the huge rubber horse phallus as he pressed it between her legs and began to enter her from behind.

He was grunting now rather like a horse and she could feel the man's hot breath emanating from the model horse's mouth that was now biting into the flesh of her neck. Simultaneously she felt the huge prick invade her and just when it seemed to continue to press into her, stretching her vagina unbelievably until she felt the tip of the massive shaft somewhere high in her belly.

The man, still handling the reins with one hand, now let his weight forward on her and then, releasing the reins he reached round her face and took hold of the ring-bits with his two hands and began to drag on them as he urged himself in and out of her cunt.

It was monstrous the size of that prick and as he rammed it into her she felt sure that he would probably rupture her womb. She felt sharp stabs of pain at each forward thrust and that, combined with the tugs on her bit, filled her with excruciating pain.

Then the grunts became louder and there were a series of large animal-like dties as the man rammed into her furiously and then, it seemed, achieved his climax inside the model phallus, slumping forward on her and releasing the bit-ring.

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Victoria went through the same stages of training as Angela and was fitted with the breast rings twenty-four hours after she was. But that was not all. Mrs Abernethy was continually experimenting with her ponies and she decided to try out something new on Victoria. After some preliminary training in the paddock just after Angela was led away by Mr. Abernethy, she was taken to the blacksmith's forge and, in the presence of the blacksmith and Juan, a new kind of operation was carried out on her.

A massive phallus made of a red composition was inserted in her vagina as she was strapped on her back on a low bench. It was strapped to her by means of a belt round her hips and one running from the base of the model penis under her crotch to meet the circular belt. It itself it was unobjectable, and Victoria even got a certain pleasure from the sense of fullness it gave her in her cunt. But Mrs Abernethy had not put such a thing into her for Victoria's own pleasure. For the penis was hollow inside and a small rubber tube ran from it by means of which Mrs. Abernethy could shoot an irritant fluid into the girl's vagina as she rode her from behind.

Lying on the bench Mrs. Abernethy explained that she was going to give the girl one shot of the irritant to show her what it felt like. "Then," she added, "you will know what to expect whenever you disobey me or fail to fulfil my commands." With that she squeezed a bulb at the end of the tube.

A few seconds later the girl cried out with pain and wiggled feverishly on the bench to which she had been strapped. "Oh, no, no," she cried, "No, please, it's terrible, oh, please!"

"I was right, then," said Mrs. Abernethy, "I am quite sure that you will take good care to obey me and carry out my instructions I give you. Now do you fully understand?"

Victoria moaned "Yes" and a few moments later the artificial phallus was removed from her. Mrs. Abernethy explaining she would only use it when the girl was fully trained.

She led her back to the paddock and then handed her over to Juan. "Groom her and get her ready for this afternoon, will you. You had better wash her out after the experiment as there may be some irritant left inside her," she said.

Victoria was horrified to hear Mrs. Abernethy tell the groom to "wash her out." She knew what she had to expect and felt a terrible sense of humiliation as the groom took her back to her "room".

He removed her reins and then took a sponge and hot water, wiping her down, first her shoulders and back and then bending to concentrate on her thighs and the triangle of her sex between. When he had washed inside her thighs and sponged her vulva, he placed a large bowl under her, making her stand on the other side of it, and then he took a whipping spray which he filled with hot, soapy water and pushed it into her vagina. Aqueezing the bulb the hot water flooded her in side and then began to flow back through the holes on either side of the nozzle, running down her legs on the floor below, through most of it dripped into the bowl.

When he had finished he dried her and then led her by her bit rings over to the bed, ordering her to lie down on her back. He then removed his trousers and mounting her he slid his prick between her wet cunt lips and thrust it into her cunt.

The bit prevented her making a properly articulated protest but she gurgled her hostility and squirmed to avoid him as he thrust ferociously in and out of her sensitive cunt.

"Ah, my little filly is a nice fuck," said the Spanish American, his eyes gleaming with lust as he con to fuck her, his haunches rising and falling rapidly as he worked himself to a climax.

The girl felt the man's sizable prick move up and down her cunt, and though she hated the man, she felt for the first time a certain pleasure, soon relaxing to his thrusts and pelvic rotations. By the time he came inside her she was ready to come too and she wriggled in a feverish orgasm as she felt his spunk squirt against her womb.

"Ah! My little filly has come too," he said. "Now I shall be able to use you everyday it is just as well, or you would soon find it very unpleasant. I wish the other new filly would co-operate as you do."

The girl at once pricked up her ears and then she ventured to say with difficulty because of the bit, "The other new filly? Who is she?"

"She is a blonde girl from England called Angela. Bit unlike her name she is not at all angelic. I do not like her. You are my favourite filly, Victoria."

"Can you tell me about?" begged Victoria.

"No, I am not allowed to do that," he laughed, "it would be more than my life worth. But you will no doubt see her in time and perhaps get a chance to speak to her. But don't let Madame see you or you will be punished very severely."

It was not much he had told her but it was better than nothing and as she eat her food from the trough that was put into her room a few moments later she felt an upsurge of hope despite the desperate humiliation she was having to undergo.

It was not much he had told her but it was better than nothing and as she eat her food from the trough that was put into her room a few moments later she felt an upsurge of hope, despite the desperate humiliations she was having to undergo.



Chapter Five

Angela's turn came that afternoon to take Mrl. Abernethy for a ride in the single-shafted gig.

She was led out by Juan and the S-shaped hook was placed in her belt ring and in the ring of the shaft. Then for the first time the rings driven through her nipples were put to use: reins were fitted to them and as Mrs Abernethy jumped into the gig she felt a pain of the first pull on her nipple as she was tugged to the left.

The wretched girl was filled with a deep sense of hopelessness as she stood there attached to the gig by the ring on her waist belt, wearing the rubber hood with the bit fixed th through her mouth, and otherwise naked except for her calf-length boots.

When she was ordered to start she managed to move at once into a respectable trot, though her heart was filled with despair. Soon she got use to the feeling of her nakedness outside, as well as to the harness she was wearing, and managed to stifle the pain each tug on her nipples gave her.

It was so bad for the first ten minutes, even though she was finding some difficulty in pulling the heavy-bodied Mrs. Abernethy. It was when she moved across the wide drive of the estate and came to a small house on the edge of the grounds that her misery reached bedrock. For there, on the steeps of the villa, was a group of people, a couple of men and two girls, who stood waving to Mrs Abernethy as she drew up and drew up.

"Hallo," said sophisticated young women of about twenty-five, eyeing Victoria up and down, "I see you have a new pony

And then one of the men joined her and began to look closely at Victoria, while the other two stood just behind obviously amused at the sight of the girl in harness.

"Yes, she's new, and training quite well. I think she'll prove quite good once her spirit is quite broken."

"Looks, pretty good," said the young man standing at the girl's side, and Victoria saw that he was having a good look at her heavy thighs and the triangle of her sex.

"I son't know, " said the sophisticated girl, "I think her breasts are quite unshapely, just look at the monsters." She slapped one of the large breasts as she spoke and Victoria turned in anger to look at the woman. She felt like kicking her but she knew that she would pay a terrible penalty if she gave way to her temptation.

But when the woman then ran her hand between her thighs and felt hairy cunt lips, Victoria spat in her face, despite the difficulty of doing so with the bit in her mouth.

"My God! How dare she!" gasped the girl, wiping the spit from her face. "And I'll teach her a lesson." And she grabbed Mrs. Abernethy's whip and began to bring it down with all her strength across the girl's back.

"Yes, teach her a lesson," cried an angry Mrs. Abernethy, "you have my full permission!

The furious young woman lashed at the girl, using the whip savagely and without caring where she hit her, criss-crossing her body with it, over her shoulders, back, breasts and buttocks, until the girl slumped to the ground the jig half on top of her.

"That'll do, Valeria " said her male companion, "I think she's had quite enough."

"Well, I do most sincerely apologise Valeria for what happened. If you don't mind I'll drive her back now and put her straight into the punishment cell. Next time I call I hope nothing of the kind will happen and then I'll stay and have a cup of tea with you, and again, Valeria my apologies."

She cracked the whip and Victoria began to move in a slow trot, increasing her pace at two cracks of the whip to a fast trot, and then, at two more cracks, into a canter.

"I'll teach you to misbehave you bitch," shouted Mrs. Abernethy as she drove the gig ferociously and started to bring the tip of the whip down over Victoria's head, shoulders and breasts. "I'll teach you a lesson you will never forget."

All the way back she used the whip on Victoria so that by the time they got back to the main building at the side of the paddock she was covered in red weals, many of them bleeding profusely.

Immediately they pulled up, on Mrs Abernethy's instructions, Victoria was taken back to her room after being told that she would later be put in the punishment cell for her punishment.

Meanwhile Angela had been taken by Mr. Abernethy's to his room and after he initial whipping he had taken his clothes and told her that he was going to have his way with her.

She welcomed the fact, despite the man's madness, simply because it was a break in the terrible pony routine which she had now to live night and day.

She asked him as best she could whether she could have the bit out of her mouth and he agreed on condition that she kissed him properly. He also agreed to remove the rings from her breasts and as she lay back on the bed, wearing only the belt, she felt like a human being for the first time since she had arrived at Abernethy's.

It was a strange state of affairs: the lovely English twenty-year old welcoming the sexual attentions of a madman as anything was better than having to live entirely in the routine of the role she had been given at the mysterious house of Mrs. Abernethy—that of a pony slave.

The madman, Hiram K. Abernethy, had removed the bit but said she had to keep the ring belt and boots on as they stimulated him. Well it was a tremendous relief not to have the bit in her mouth and the rings removed from her breasts. The man bent over her naked body eagerly, caressing her breasts and belly, moving his hands restively over her, not knowing where to start.

Angela relaxed, deciding to give herself to the moment, to enjoy her chance of normal sex to the utmost. No doubt the groom Juan, would be wanting her and using her like a filly later.

She parted her thighs and shivered with pleasure when he slid his right hand between them, touching the soft flesh as far as her knees before running his fingers up to touch the hair of her outer labia. Then slowly he prised the thick fleshy lips apart and he was obviously intensely roused at the sight of the pink membrane of her vulva with the flanges of her nymphae holding her small clitoris. He moved his index finger through the fleshy pink furrow and then began to titillate her clitoris, drawing small moans of delight from her as she eased her thighs even wider apart and rolled a little from side to side on her plump but splendid buttocks.

He rubbed her clitoris more vigorously after a minute or two of gentle titillation and the effect on the frustrated girl was immediate. She cried out in delight and a few seconds later enjoyed her first orgasm for days, rolling and rocking on the bed, her eyes closed, moans of ecstatic pleasure escaping from her half opened mouth.

The sight of the man moved the man to lie close to her and bend over and kiss her lips.

His hand moved to her genitals and he began to finger-fuck her vigorously bringing on another orgasm in no time. He soon had her rolling and squirming in erotic delight long before he inserted his heavy, swollen penis inside her.

She began to feel as if she had entered a different world from that she had lived in for the past few days and actively co-operated with the man sexually as he proceeded to fuck her.

She moved her hips rhythmically to conform to his thrusts and rotated her pelvis to heighten his and her own pleasure. He also felt her cunt contract and expand pulsatingly, gripping his knob tight one moment, then releasing it before the next contraction.

He was not so mad that he did not appreciate the loveliness of the body under him - the lovely mouth with its slightly large sensual lips, the powerful, heavy breasts, the soft flat belly, and the splendid hip and pelvic structure he was now grinding his body on. Above all the soft, luscious cunt that seemed to suck him in and clinging to him and releasing him in a delightfully provoking manner that almost brought him to premature orgasm.

He began to drive into the girl with all his latent lust, using his pelvis to get the maximum force behind his strokes, his haunches rising and falling in savage unison. He had not fucked a girl as lovely and exciting for many a long day. Now his hands slid under her large buttocks, gripping them firmly and digging his nails into the soft, voluptuous flesh.

And a few moments later the shattering orgasm in which they both shared, Angela suddenly getting the most intense release and the man gaining the lustful fulfilment that only a girl of Angela's attractions could give him.

Meanwhile another recruit for the pony stables had been brought to the Abernethys, and Mrs. Abernethy had decided to adopt a much more vigorous - and rigorous form of training with her in view of the embarrassment she had suffered by her relative leniency with Victoria.

She did not know that the new recruit was as about as strong willed as herself and that there was to be an immense battle of wills and wits before one of them gave way.

She decided she would offer no explanations: she would simply act, go ahead with putting the girl into pony slavery, letting the girl find out for herself what it was all about.

She came in in one of the simply fitted rooms along the side of the paddock, finding herself lying on a low bed, not far from a window with a grille over it.

She looked about her and an onlooker would have seen that she was tall, pretty and intelligent, with a most attractive figure. Still wearing the clothes she had been abducted in, she was dressed in a short frock, zipped up the middle, a simple bra and a pair of tan-coloured nylon tights, with flat black shoes with a double strap.

She had been out walking a park on the outskirts of Greenwich which Village when she had been swept into a large automobile, and then given an injection that had kept her under heavy sedation for about fifteen hours.

She blinked at the stream of sunlight entering the room through the grille and slowly got up, placed a chair under the aperture and looked out. All she could see was grass paddock with a low building to the right and some high trees in the distance.

She was stepping down from the chair, a look of bewilderment on her face, when Mrs Abernethy came in, a shrewd look on her face.

With any preliminaries she said, "Now, Monique, I want you to remove all your clothes and hand them to me."

"Remove my clothes? But who are you? What am I doing here?" The girl stood her ground fearlessly as Barbara approached her and stood almost threateningly about a yard in front of her.



"I do not answer questions. You will just do as you are told. Remove all your clothes."

"But I refuse. I have no intention of doing anything of the kind. But I also demand an explanation from you of why I am here and I want to know where I am, too."

"I take it that you refuse to remove your clothes? Is that definite?" demanded Barbara Abernethy.

"Yes!"

"In that case I shall get the groom to remove them," she said and at once opened the outer door and called to Juan who was in one of the outhouses a little to the left of the main group of stables.

The Spanish American came running up to Mrs. Abernethy who told him, as he entered Monique's room, that he had to undress her.

He walked over to her, tried to grab her by the shoulder, but she at once struggled free and when he came at her again she neatly tripped him and he fell sprawling on the floor.

Barbara, enraged, went over and grappled with the girl and a moment later they were struggling in a heap on the floor. Juan tried to intervene but so quick were their joint movements that the center of the room was soon like a wrestling ring, and Juan was unable to get near except at the risk of being kicked by one of the women.

Slowly Monique went under to the huge American and it was not long before she was on her back with Barbara's knees pressing her down on her shoulders, her massive bulk on her chest.

"Now," she said, her voice hoarse with the effort, "get her shoes off and then her tights." As Juan went to the girl's feet and began to remove her shoes Monique kicked wildly, catching his one in the face with her strong flat-heeled shoe.

But the man held her firmly in the end and reaching up under her frock felt for the top of her tights which he then dragged down her legs.

Mrs. Abernethy now eased back down the girl's body, telling Juan to hold her shoulders down and then she unzipped the frock and with Juan's help got it over her head, leaving her naked except for her bra.

As Barbara now ripped the bra from her lovely breasts she gasped: "We'll have to teach her a lesson, I think." She told Juan to sit on her breasts, facing her and to hold her arms akimbo. Despite her vigorous struggles he managed to get her firmly planted on her back in that position and now Mrs. Abernethy sat between her thighs and parting them she began to slap the girl's genitals, flipping her fingers across her outer lips and then, parting the lips with her left hand, smacking the tender membranes of her sexual vestibule. The girl cried out in pain but did not give up the struggle, writhing and kicking under Juan and the heavily-built Barbara.

She continued to punish her in this manner for three or four minutes by which time there were several small abrasions on her outer lips and a bruise between her thighs.

"Get off her, Juan!" Mrs. Abernethy now demanded, and as he got off her Barbara stood over her and gave her a kick with her knee-length riding boot, telling her to get to her feet. The girl did as she was told, deciding that it would be the wiser course for the moment to obey.

"Oh, I haven't finished with you yet," cried Barbara, lift her onto her bed, Juan!" she then ordered.

He managed to get her onto the bed as the girl decided she would wait a little to see how things went before putting up her next fight.

"Hold her down!" She went out of the room for a moment and returned with two horse plates, the kind fitted to racing ponies. "We'll put these on her now as a symbol of her pony status"

she said and as Juan held her down Mr. Abernethy fitted the two plates or shoes to the girl's naked feet, having already dressed them with a powerful adhesive. They stuck to her at once.

Barbara now took off most of her clothes except for her long-boots and then, taking a whip, she told Juan to undress as she was going to let him have the girl as part of her punishment. Not very flattering to Juan he eagerly took off his clothes, anticipating with excitement the thought of possessing the girl in a sexual way.

As soon as Juan was naked Barbara hit the girl across her fancy with the crop, cleverly placing it between her cunt lips and cutting her vulva stingingly.

The girl cried out and struggled but as she tried to get up from the small bed Barbara hit her again, knocking her back as she cried out with pain.

"It seems the only way to train a girl as recalcitrant as you," commented the woman as she smashed the crop down again on the girl's genitals.

"No-o, please, stop, stop, will you, I can't take any more of it. The girl's spirit was already partly broken and a cynical smile now played across Barbara's lips. "Oh, I haven't finished with you yet, but I think I'll let Juan have you right away. Go on Juan," she commanded, "fuck her!"

The man got on the bed and holding his already erect prick in his right hand he attempted to guide it into the girl's slit. But now she struggled furiously and it took Mrs. Abernethy all her time to hold her soon by her shoulders as Juan thrust his prick between her unsultried, girlish cunt lips and then drove his prick into her luscious cunt.

He had to struggle fiercely to hold her down, even though Barbara was holding her arms, but it pleased Juan's lustfulness to have to struggle with the dark-haired girl, fighting her and punelling her breasts as he thrust his prick into her and felt the assuaging effect of her soft, inner membranes closing over his throbbing penis.

The girl tried again to free herself, making an almost superhuman effort, but in the end she lay passive, her arms held down by Mrs. Abernethy who herself was growing excited at seeing the groom rape the new pony girl.

It was not long before Juan shot his spunk into the tight-fitting membranes, whereupon he slumped forward on her for a moment exhausted before, a few moments later, withdrawing his semer-covered prick from her luscious sex.

"Now," said Barbara Abernethy, addressing the naked girl, "perhaps you will now begin to co-operate with us in your training. I want to make you the best pony of all."

Chapter Six

"Pony! What's that?" asked an amazed and unbelieving Monique.

"Yes, my best pony yet," repeated Barbara Abernethy. "Perhaps I should tell you that this is a training establishment for ponies and that we already have one or two good ones trained here. I think you will succeed where others have failed."

"Pony! How can you talk such nonsense?" but as she spoke she realized that already she was naked, that her clothes had suddenly disappeared, and that she had had shoes fitted to her feet - irremovable horse plates. A bewildered and desperate look appeared on her face and she looked scrutinizingly at the massive Barbara Abernethy.

When she began to speak, demanding to know where she was and what they were trying to do with her, Barbara simply ignored her and spoke to the groom who had just returned, having also donned his riding gear.

"We'll start with the new type head gear - you know - the the light metal one with bit attachment."

"Yes, Mrs. Abernethy," said a servile Junn, presently satiated after his fuck with the lovely Monique.

He went out and returned a few moments later with a head piece that consisted of three segments of metal, focussed on a point to the sides of the wearer's mouth - looking rather like old fashioned earphones a piece of metal ran from the bit behind the neck, another over the back of the head, a third over the crown.

They advanced on the girl and despite new struggle they soon had the head-piece fitted with the aluminium bit through her mouth. She expostulated, making gurgling sounds but there was nothing she could do about it, for the more she pulled on one side with her free hands the worse it cut into her lips.

"Now the reins! Juan caught her and rapidly placed the reins in the bit rings and Mrs. Abernethy was now able to control the headstrong girl by pulling tight on the reins, pulling her head lower than her breasts so that she was quite unable to continue her hostile attitude.

"The belt, Juan! she then ordered.

Juan took the belt and as Mrs. Abernethy pulled hard on the reins he approached her from behind and in a jiffy had the belt round her waist and the small lock snapped home.

"And now for the new irritant control gear," she shouted, full of elation and euphoria at the sight of the tethered, harnessed girl.

The groom soon brought a replica of the experimental vagina fitment that contained the irritant and both of them pulled her down onto the bed, fitted the dildo-like object into her cunt and then snapped home the locks that controlled the truss-like belts that kept the dildo firmly in place.

Mrs Abernethy pulled the rubber tube rein that ran to the phallus like object and then, just to see how it worked she suddenly squirted the irritant into the girl's vagina without warning her. A few seconds later there were howls of pain from the girl who began to stamp up and down in a effort to lessen the intensity of the frightful powder, a kind of paprika.

"You see, Monique, everything you fail me or fall short of what I demand I shall squirt some of the irritant into you." She sniggered as she saw the horror and indignation on the girl's face

"You are a fiend," gargled the young girl through the bit, "a vile fiend!" And then she burst into tears and her bosom heaved with tears.



"I think we'll take her into the paddock and give her an initial try out," said Barbara. "Fit her straight way into one of the single-shafted gigs, Juan." She tossed the reins to him as well as the end of the tube that controlled the irritant. "Use the irritant if she creates any trouble."

Juan led the girl, pulling on her reins, outside, giving her one squirt of irritant powder that almost drove her mad with its hot itching effect. Then he attached her belt ring to the S-shaped hook by which he then fitted her to the gig.

A moment or two later Mrs Abernethy stepped into the gig and cracking a whip in the air shouted to the girl to walk forward. The girl managed to move the gig a few paces and then, just as she was about to bring it to a halt, she heard the woman say "Lift your knees - I want a proper slow trot."

And so, stage by stage, Monique learned what it meant and required to pull the one-shaft gig in a slow trot, a regular trot, a canter and a gallop. By the time she had gone through the various stages of initiation she was exhausted and would have fallen to the ground had not Mrs. Abernethy decided that she had had enough.

When the training session finished she was taken back to her room where she was told to eat out of trough that had been set up in a corner of the room, filled with a porridgy mixture that struck Monique as utterly revolting.

Mrs Abernethy came into the room naked and watched eagerly and with lust in her green eyes as she looked at the harnessed girl lap up some of the food from the trough. "A real pony slave," she commented idly.

"Now let her be groomed" she said, talking to Juan who had just entered the room.

Juan took the sponge and pail and filled it with hot soapy water and then went over to the girl, now tethered by the reins to a wall ring. Her humiliation was intense as he lifted a wet sponge and wiped it over her back and buttocks, and it knew no bounds as he calmly pushed between her legs from behind and wiped her crevice and crotch. Then he turned to face her and drew the sponge over each breast in turn and then over her belly, wiping that part of her and the belt before going on to her thighs and genitals. When he thrust the wet sponge between her legs and wiped her cunt lips she kicked out with her foot, managing to catch him with the shoe fixed to her sole. He fell backwards to the floor, cursing her as he did so. At once Mrs. Abernethy hit her a savagely across her back and a second stroke cut between her buttocks, stinging sensitive flesh between the bottom cheeks.

The groom, now confident that she would not attempt to kick him again, now bent between her legs and washed the inside of her cunt lips, his prick hardening in his trousers as he did so. He liked to feel the sponge sliding on the flabby lips and then took pleasure in pushing hard against the mucous membranes of her vulva.

It was the final humiliation, but at least while she had the phallus-like object inside her he could not abuse her sexually. He ended by rubbing her down with a towel and then stepped to one side to admire his work.

"Very good!" commented Mrs. Abernethy. Now I think we can leave her to get use to her new way of life, for this afternoon we want to bring Victoria and Angela together and harness them in one of the double-shafted carriages. Perhaps you will now prepare them, will you?"

A few moments later, while Monique was left to contemplate her wretched fate, both Angela and Victoria were led out from their "rooms" into the paddock and stood close to each other for the first time.

Mrs. Abernethy arrived and to the astonishment of both girls she was absolutely naked, except for her knee-length boots to which a pair of spurs were attached.

She warned the two girls that any talking between them was absolutely forbidden and then she told them to stand side by side and get onto all fours. Juan was ordered to fit reins to their bits and as soon as this was done Mrs. Abernethy took the four reins and to the utter astonishment of the girls she began to mount them, placing a foot first on Angela's back and then one on Victoria's. Pulling on the reins she balanced herself on their backs and, after warning them to keep close side by side, she ordered them to walk forward at a steady pace. It was extremely difficult for the girls to move on all fours but somehow they managed to walk round the paddock without calamity. Barbara gave them five minutes' rest and then said that she would expect a better pace and harmony in their walking on the next occasion.

She now called for the double-shafted carriage and a few moments later the two girls were fixed each to the end of the curled, ringed shaft of the larger carriage.

"Now, the usual rules apply," shouted Mrs. Abernethy. "Into a fast trot!" she shouted cracking the whip in the air.

The girls started forward, using the high-stepping trotting action demanded by Mrs. Abernethy and soon they were moving quite comfortably at a canter across the parkland of the estate. From time to time they tried to steal glances at each other's face, but it was not easy and if Mrs. Abernethy noticed it she brought the crop down on the back of the offenders.

In ten minutes they reached the small villa near the edge of the estate and the ponies were ordered to halt outside it.

The supercilious young man we have met before came out to greet Mrs. Abernethy and helped her down from the carriage.

"A good-looking pair of ponies," he laughed, eyeing the semi-naked bodies of the two girls. "Almost too good for this work. I wouldn't mind having them here for a night," he added, running his hand down Victoria's thighs and then feeling her cunt lips. "Nice bit of cunt I would say, seems a terrible waste, Barbara!"

"May be from your point of view but, they are going to make very good slaves for me and especially in the role of ponies. No you can find pretty girls any day but it isn't often you get them able to pull gig's and behave as ponies at the same time."

"But still, Barbara, if you would let me have them for an hour while your're here with Margaret. . . . ?"

"Oh, if you insist." She went to the S-shaped hooks that fixed them to the shafts and released them, handing the two pairs of reins to the man, who at once led them round to the back of the villa where there was a kind of summer house set in a clump of trees and veiled from view by shrubs and other vegetation.

He led them to a large bed and untied their reins, telling them to lie on the bed. When they hesitated for a moment he reached for a whip hanging on the wall and, cracking it, warned them that if they disobeyed him he might have to administer it.

Then he told one to lie with her head towards the head of the bed, the other towards the foot. He then got onto the bed and sliding between Angela's legs he thrust his prick into her and then leaning slightly to one side he brought his head down between Victoria's thighs and began to suck her cunt-lips.

The man certainly enjoyed himself with the two beautiful bodies, fucking one while sucking the cunt of the other. Soon

he was in a frenzied state of orgasmic lust, his head buried in Victoria's dribbling thighs, lapping at her vulva and poking his tongue into her cunt, while he thrust manfully into the other vagina with his well-made lengthy cock.

It isn't everyday that a man has the chance of two young girls at the same time. The fact that they were unwilling only heightened his lust. He rammed into the one while burying his whole face in the other, his whole body aflame with lust, all inhibitions lost, as his tumescent prick pulsed inside Angela.

In and out, the room filled with his grunts and the squelch-noises of penis in cunt and mouth in shit, as well as the occasional moans of the girls who were slowly responding to his febrile advances.

It was Victoria who gave way first and to Angela's surprise she heard her speak through her bit, crying out, "Oh, fuck me, whoever you are, fuck me next!"

The man drove into Angela's cunt and soon he was filling her with his semen, while lapping furiously in the wet grotto of Victoria's dribbling sex.

Angela still recalls the extraordinary days on the estate and sometimes thinks it was all a dream. But despite the harsh experience she went through, one part of her would like, occasionally, to be treated as a pony girl, and only the other day, in a playful mood, she and her husband indulged in a game in which she wore harness and was given a horse whipping before they went to bed together.

THE END

